



# Cotton mouth



14 2 4

## Chapter 1 by Bella Bird

It's not suppose to be this dark just a moment ago we were running, laughing, having the time of our lives. And now I'm clinging to my friends. I don't know if they are okay. I can't ask because it feels as though my mouth has been stuffed with cotton. That's when I hear it, the strangled cry that's completely unidentifiable.

## Chapter 2 by ConradG



I turn my head from our huddle, but there's nothing to see. Why in the world is it so dark? It doesn't make sense, none of this makes sense.

Linda, that dagger, the look on Wendall's face, none of it makes sense.

Out there — out in the darkness — there's no more strangled cry, just the dull thud of a lifeless body fallen to the ground not far away from us. Linda starts to shudder with crying, I realize I'm crying now too.

My mouth feels like it's been stuffed with cotton. Wendall makes a croaking sound like he's trying to talk.

It's not supposed to be like this.

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